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## Enter

The party was hilarious. In fact, everybody was certainly having a great time. Laughter, shrieks, and giggles.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door. The bedlam ceased abruptly, and a stony silence fell upon the merry-makers.

"My husband," was the fearful thought in every woman's mind. Whereupon the mer scuttled for cover, leaping out the windows, and dashing for the back door. Came another knock. Every woman trembled, expecting her husband to come in.

*He came. It was Brigham Young.*

—*Reserve Red Cat.*

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## Alibi

Judge: "You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck?"

Driver: "Yes, Your Honor."

Judge: "And what have you to say in your defense?"

Driver: "I didn't know it was loaded."

—*Brown Bull.*

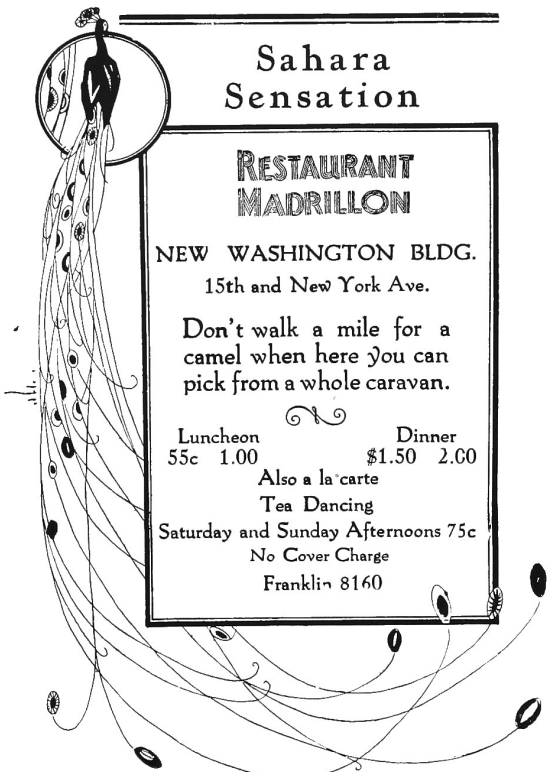


## The Best Yet

Now comes the story of the absent-minded professor who rolled under the dresser and waited for the collar button to find him.

—*Reserve Red Cat.*





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### Tact

The nervous passenger approached the captain timidly.

"What would happen, sir," she asked, "if we struck an iceberg?"

"The iceberg would pass along as if nothing had happened," replied the captain. And the old lady was very much relieved.

—*Princeton Tiger.*



### Yea, Verily

Some girls aren't really bad, they're just broadminded.

—*Annapolis Log.*

### Quick, Watson, the Scissors

I: A little strap certainly is an important thing.

II: You're right. It's kept many an attraction from becoming a sensation.

—*Virginia Reel.*



### Then They Shot Him

Surgeon (to attendant): "Go and get the name of the accident victim so that we can inform his mother."

Attendant (three minutes later): "He says his mother knows his name."

—*Buffalo Bison.*



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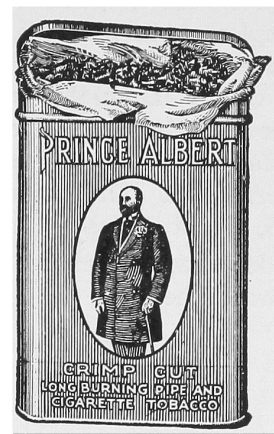


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—no other tobacco is like it!



*The tidy red tin that's  
packed with pipe-joy.*





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### A Good Policy

"Son, do you ever pick up women?"  
"Only if they have fallen."

—N. Y. U. Medley.



### Grounds For Divorce

Wife at head of stairs—"Is that you, John?"

Heavy voice from dark—"Who was you expectin'?"

—Boston Beanpot.



### Acquitted By The Judge

The pale moon sent its glimmering beams across the ripples of the placid lake. She, a beautiful maiden, lay prone in the prow of the drifting canoe, languidly exhaling the scented smoke of my imported monogrammed cigarette. Peace . . . contentment . . . happiness . . . perfection. Then in a nasal, flat voice she said, "Ain't it nice?"

Silently I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and drowned her.

—De Pauw Yellow Crab.



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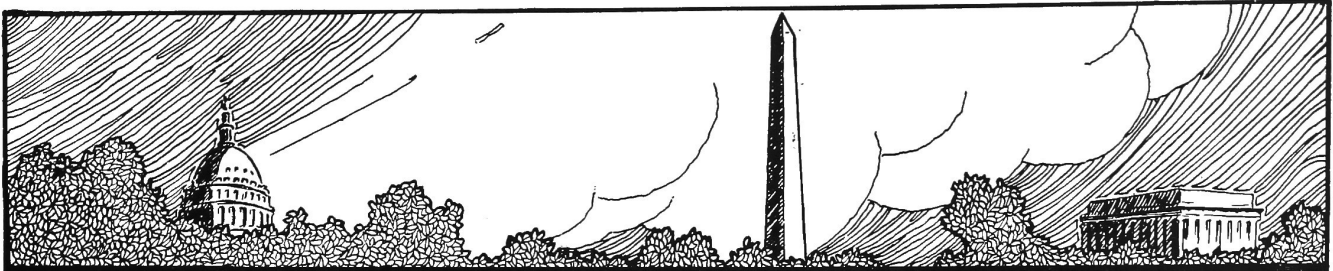
IT is Clean-up Week in the old home town. Every good citizen has promised to paint his fence, empty the garbage can, clean up his back alley, and resolve to make Rockville a decent place in which to live. Even the mayor's daughters, pictured here for the first time, have agreed to help the cause. Their names, if it really makes any difference, are Arabella, Symanthia and Winnibelle.

Symanthia has already found three hairpins, two pennies, and eight fishing-worms. Arabella has found only a rusty cork-screw so far, but has hopes of finding a ten-dollar bill. Winnibelle has just asked Arabella which she would rather find, a nickel or a dime, and quick as a flash Arabella replied, "a dime, even though it is smaller than a nickel."

Such intelligence among our women folk is appalling, says Flo Zeigfeld.







# the George Washington Ghost

VOLUME IV

MARCH, 1928

NUMBER 6

## *Harmon and Harmony*

OUR INVESTIGATION department reports that the Men's Glee Club is getting along very well this year. Director Bob Harmon has been meeting them twice a week, on Tuesday and Thursday nights, and we are glad to say that they are now a shining example of that old copybook maxim: "Practice makes perfect". This year they will perform at Keith's.

It is quite interesting to watch, or rather to hear, them practice. Corcoran Hall is about the only room that will accommodate them—there must be about fifty or sixty. The boys are divided into sections: tenor, bass and baritone. After a preliminary warble or two the business of creating harmony begins; Director Harmon raises his baton and wields it as though he were conducting the New York Philharmonic. Mrs. Harmon is at the piano.

When someone strikes a false note, the music stops and the boys have to begin all over

## CAMPUS CHATTER

again. Our investigator said this was rather exasperating to him, but admitted that it was doubtless for the best.

We never feel right unless we are advocating something, be it ever so humble, and this month we are of the opinion that the Glee Club ought to go to New York to the annual national contest. To compete, it is necessary that each Club be declared the best in its section of the country. This would mean that



the G. W. Glee Club would have to sing against the clubs of C. U., Georgetown, and any other vocal aggregations in the District. It is understood that tentative arrangements for such contest are under way; if they are not carried through a good opportunity will be missed.

## *Gallop, ho!*

SOME TIME AGO a few ambitious students joined the Cavalry branch of the Enlisted Reserve Corps. They went out to Ft. Myer now and then, rode spirited horses for an hour or two, and liked it first rate. The good word was passed along and soon a whole troop had been formed, composed entirely of G. W. students.

We speak of F Troop, of the 306th Cavalry Reserves. Every other Sunday morning about thirty potential cavalry officers gather at the Ft. Myer riding hall, watch the orderlies bring in their mounts, and then cautiously select what they hope will be a good horse. Around the hall they ride, some of them taking all the bumps, for prior to enlistment a few of the boys had never ridden a horse.

If it is a nice day, and it sometimes is, the troop moves outdoors to ride "cross country". Here's where the inexperienced riders get their thrills. A cavalry horse is by nature a spir-

*(Continued on page 13)*

### Explaining Art



THIS PICTURE is one of the real treasures of Art; its title is "*The Rum Runner's Daughter*", and there is a pathetic story attached to it.

Old Jed Applebottom was a rum runner, plying his vile trade off the rock-bound coast of Cape Cod. He was coming in one day with a load of gin and rye, when he happened to see his daughter sitting right smack on a cake of ice, buffeted by the angry waves.

"What are you doin' there, gal?" queried the elder Applebottom.

"Father, dear, I'm not going to get off this here cake of ice until you abandon your loathsome occupation of rum running," spake the daughter.

"Aw, come on, gal. Have a heart. I promised this load to a Congressman."

"No, father, dear, I shall be firm."

"All right, gal. Over she goes. (gurgles, bubbles, gurgles, bubbles). I've thrown it all overboard now. Come to papa."

So daughter got off the cake of ice, got in the boat with her old man, and they both went home and sat down to a hot supper. The gin and rye slowly settled to the bottom of the ocean.

Now isn't that a sad tale?



"Well, I think I'll put the motion before the house," said the chorus girl as she danced out on the stage.



### Conceited

He: "I understand you are a devil among the fair sex."

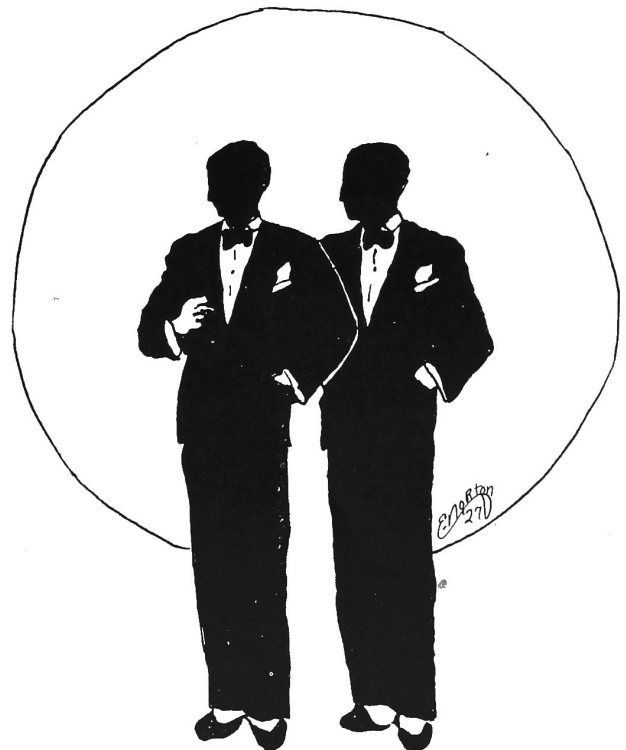
Him: "Good heavens, does your girl tell you everything?"

### At the Art Gallery

MY AUNT AND UNCLE from the country were visiting us, and in a moment of insanity I offered to take them to the Art Gallery. We reached there in due time, and began our tour of inspection. First we saw that *inspiring* statuary, and then passed to those *gorgeous* paintings. I was even becoming enthusiastic myself.

I turned around to tell them what a wonderful thing Art was, but imagine my surprise when they were nowhere in sight. Alarmed, I set out in search. On the second floor I found Auntie. She was admiring a statue of that handsome fellow, Mercury, and I think I detected an unusual gleam in her eye. I left her, and started after Uncle, who was in another part of the building. He was standing in front of Venus de Milo, and there was something of a reckless leer in his expression of admiration.

I tiptoed quietly away in search of Zuloaga's "*Nude With A Rose*."



"Say, Bill, how's that new stenographer you hired?"

"Not so good."

"Bill, you always were a lucky fellow."

### The Beef Trust

"Whither are thou off to, friend Horatio?"

"I speed on my way to a joint recital, friend Porsena."

"Zounds! A joint recital?"

"Most assuredly, dastard. Hast thou never attended a burlesque show?"



Female (on sofa with her date): "Does it make any difference which side I set on?"

Male: "Oh no, you see I'm ambidextrous."



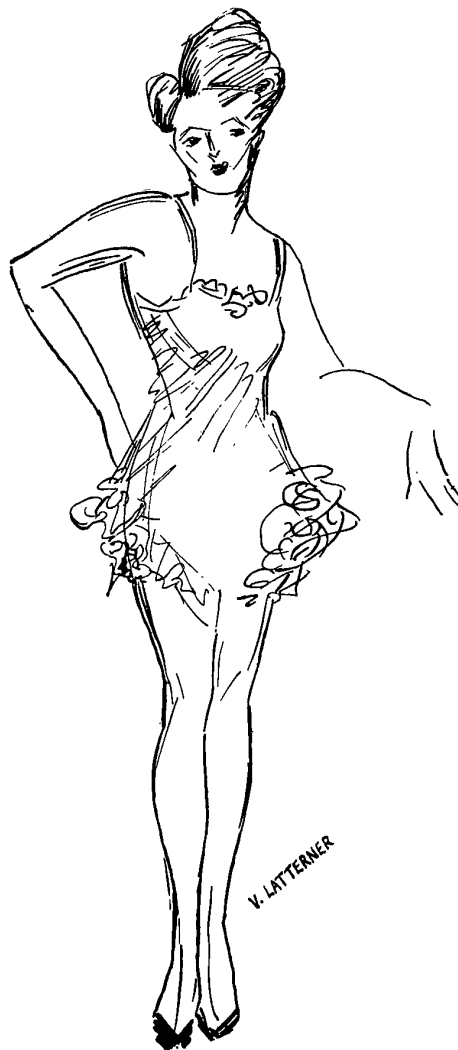
### Punch Recipe

"Where's the life of the party?"

"Somebody poured it in the punch."



AN ARTIST THROWN INTO CONFUSION  
On Receiving A Check From A  
College Magazine



"THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE"  
Puzzle: Find the wing



He: "Say, girlie, are you married?"

She: "Sir, that's my business."

He: "Oh, I see. Say, do you make much out of it?"



### That's Different

Girl: "I want a nice book for an invalid friend."

Book Dealer (with tact): "Something er,—religious?"

Girl: "Oh, no, he's recovering."





Artist's Wife: "John, if you'd take that Nuxated iron you'd be just like him."

### Just Born Lucky

Gentleman Caller (to the maid): "I say, is your master at home?"

Maid: "No, sir, he isn't."

G. C.: "Fine, I came to call on the missus."

Teacher: "What was George Washington's greatest obstacle?"

Class (in unison): "He never told a lie."

Rodney Tattersall says that once men were the bravest but now it's the women that show the most backbone.

### Fast Worker

"Can your fiancée keep a secret?"

"I'll say so. Why, we were engaged for two months before she even told me about it."

### And So She Must

The pussy cat, so the story goes,  
Dies nine times 'fore she's dead,  
But the blonde today must dye and dye  
To keep her ashen head.

### Cover Charge

"I was robbed last night."

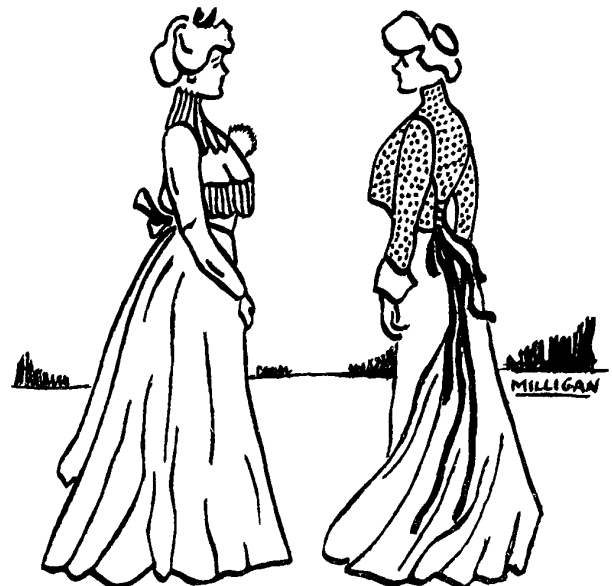
"Did the yegg use a gun?"

"No, he used a Night Club."

### Lazy

"Don't you love the boys at this college?"

"Naw, I let them do it."



Pelphina: "So you walked home from the ride with Horace."

Geranium: "Yes, he pulled the one about the horse being out of oats."

## IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

### *In Which a Conscientious Reporter Interviews Heloise Gubking, the Noted Diva*

AT LAST my fortune was to be made. Heloise Gubking, the famous prima donna, who had refused to see reporters for years, was at last going to grant me an interview. I stood at the door. A frock-coated secretary, gardenia gleaming impeccably in his buttonhole, motioned to me. "This way, Mr. Saltonstall."

We passed through a richly tapestried hall. Then I found myself in the presence of La Gubking. She greeted me with that thrilling voice which has made Metropolitan habitues go wild for years. She motioned me to a chair. I was electrified.

"What, in your opinion, is the future of the opera?" I faltered.

"Oh, Mr. Saltonstall," she said, reaching with a luxurious gesture for some cigarettes, "let us not talk about that now. Won't you have a cigarette? These"—holding them out—"are Dorchesters. I smoke nothing else. They will not harm the throat. And the aroma. . ."

I TOOK ONE, mechanically. "Your voice, Madame Gubking," I said.

She paid no attention. "Where do you come from originally, Mr. Saltonstall?" she asked.

"Albany."

"Oh, I was coming down from



As she autographed this portrait for us, Mme. Gubking chose to become expansive. "It was taken when I was a sub-deb," said the great diva. "Spring had come, and I had asked mother if I couldn't take off my 'heavies'. And I remember what mother said just as plain as day. She said, 'Yes, my darling daughter; hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't step on any old tin cans.' That was mother—always joking and jocular. It's too bad father choked her to death."

Albany the other day on the"—she named a famous New York Central train—"and I have never traveled so enjoyably. Fleet as a greyhound, it speeds through the Hudson valley. The service is unsurpassed; and the cuisine. . ."

"There is something about your voice that I have always admired," I ventured.

She silenced me by shaking a finger. "Don't let's talk of that,"

said the Gubking. "How do you like my frock?"

"Tremendously."

"Ah, I knew you would. I was sure you had the soul of an artist. It was made by the Maison Pierre Leblanc, on Fifth Avenue. You must tell your wife—if you have a wife—to go there."

"Your art, Madame Gubking—"

SHE LOOKED AT a wrist watch. "Ah, I am late to an appointment already. It has been so nice to meet you, Mr. Saltonstall. . ."

The frock-coated secretary handed me my hat. I rushed feverishly out into the street. I had failed. My chance for fame had gone glimmering. La Gubking would probably never grant another interview.

Somehow I gained Times Square. Mechanically I bought a paper from a newsboy.

There, on the front page, like a Mene, Mene, Tekel, were the headlines:

#### LA GUBKING WILL

#### QUIT GRAND OPERA

Noted Diva Forsakes Her Art for  
More Lucrative Field of  
Advertising



## The GEORGE WASHINGTON GHOST

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No. 6

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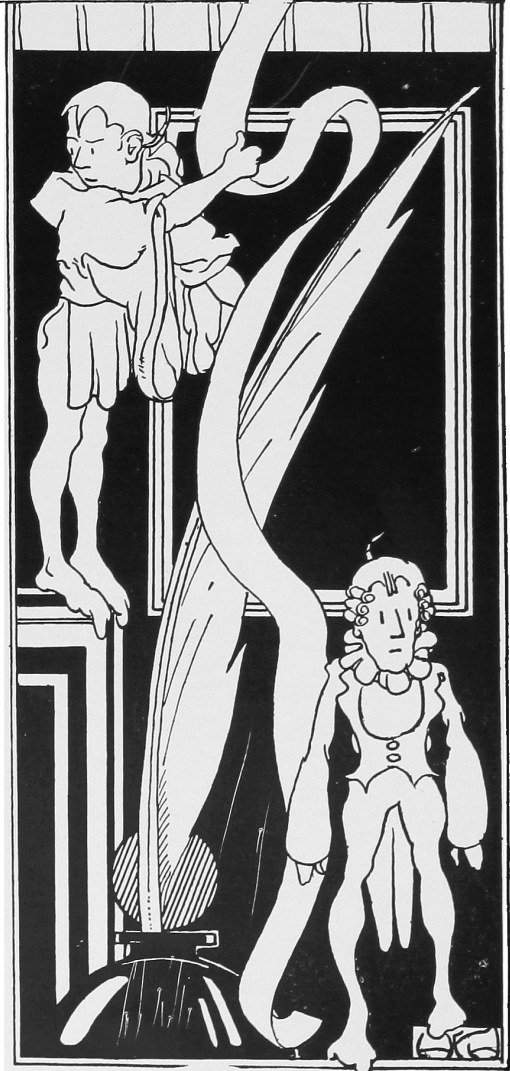
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*Faculty Advisor:* HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE

This month's cover by Rowland Lyon.

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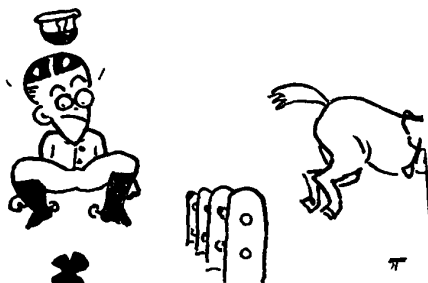




## CAMPUS CHATTER

(Continued from page 7)

ited beast, and usually takes every opportunity to show his active temperament, much to the consternation of the embryo horseman. What's more, the terrain in the vicinity of Ft. Myer is liberally endowed with gulleys, ravines, creeks, hurdles, and what-not.



The hurdle is the thrill *par excellence*. When confronted by such an obstacle, the horse approaches it as though he were coming down the home stretch. The rider is conscious of being lifted upward, remaining in space for a moment, and then descending rapidly. If he is lucky, he lands in the saddle; if he isn't lucky it is just too bad.

Added to their horsemanship, some of the boys are taking Army correspondence courses, and expect to be Major-Generals in eighteen lessons. When war is declared we fear the enemy is going to have a tough time.

**Bowling and such**

ONCE MORE the fraternities are in the midst of their annual bowling tournament. Convention Hall, where the competition is held, is an awful place to get to, but not bad after you get there.

There is a colorful atmosphere at these affairs. The red and blue lights of the ceiling are quite a contrast to the smooth

maple alleys. The alleys seem to be unlimited, yet on each one there is some sort of tournament. The Shipping Clerk League is bowling the Truck Drivers, or perhaps the Bank Clerks are pitted against employees of the Ginsberg Dry Goods Emporium. Everyone seems to have a good time, especially the lady friends who sit in the grandstand and nibble on hot dogs, or scream "Attaboy Georgie."

Once in a great while you have that rare privilege of seeing a pin boy get hit on the head with a flying pin. Little things like this make life worth living.

**Curfew**

THE QUESTION of dancing till two o'clock still worries the socially inclined. As you know, the Faculty Committee for Stopping Dances at One O'Clock has issued its edict, and the rule has been applied wherever possible. Nevertheless, there are students who believe this to be an infringement on their social code, or whatever you call it. They feel chagrined.

They claim that the average co-ed is used to going to night clubs, where she never thinks about going home until two. Then the faculty committee retorts "We are not competing with the night clubs." Then the student thinks of another argument for his side, but does not give it, for after all the word of the faculty is law, at least where Junior, Interfrat and Pan-Hel Proms are concerned.

Occasionally there have been cases where private fraternity dances managed to hold forth

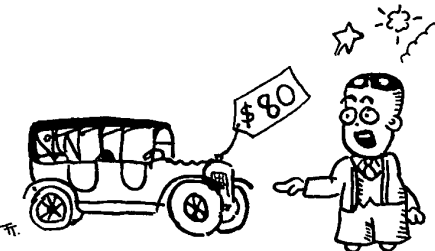
till two or three, even on Sunday morning, but there have also been cases where the vigilant faculty have swooped down on such affairs and padlocked them at the early hour of midnight.

After all, there is that old Afghanistan proverb which says that the Older Generation Knows Best.

**Supply vs. Demand**

ONE STUDENT (who takes his economics seriously) recently contemplated the purchase of a second-hand Ford, but thought he would wait until the new cars came on the market. At that time the Ford in question was priced at \$80. Evidently he reasoned that the new cars would create a surplus of the second-hand ones, and the price of this second-hand Ford would drop.

As you know, the new Fords, Dodges, Packards, Cadillacs, Whippets, &c. came on the market, and we expected any day to see our economist friend riding around in his second-hand Ford, purchased at a bargain.



We saw him the other day. He was on foot, and informed us that he hadn't purchased the car yet.

"How much is the owner asking for it?" we inquired slyly.

"Eighty dollars," he said, doubling his fists, "and don't try to get funny with me."

## ON GOING TO THE PROM



Along about this time of the year every co-ed has ambitions to attend the Interfrat Prom. Although only one-fourth of the boys have dates so far, fully three-quarters of the school's female attendance are already wondering what they are going to wear. If you really want to go, girls, there are several methods you might try.



One method is to pray for a bid. Note the girl kneeling above. It's the first time she has actually said her prayers in years. Usually she's so lazy that she gets in bed and then tries to stay awake long enough to say them. (Editor's Note: So do many, many other people.) Well, as we have said before, this is one method.

Drawings by  
Elizabeth Bunten



Another way is to become attractive, charming. If you would have charm, sez he, you must attain culture. Read the Five Foot Shelf, and delve into Elbert Hubbard's Scrapbook. Work cross-word puzzles. And don't overlook the unabridged works of Elinor Glyn. The latter will give you that je ne sais quoi, and is interesting besides.

If these methods fail to get results, it is time to be practical. The last resort is to walk up to some desirable male and start the Old Line. Elinor Glyn will assist you here. If he fails to tumble to subtle (?) flattery, simply ASK him to take you (it's Leap Year).



Betty Bunten ~

Hope you have a gorgeous time at the Prom, girls.



## • • A PAGE OF POETRY • •



**EDITOR'S NOTE:** These poems were conceived in the spirit of Good Clean Fun by such people as Margaret-Louise Loeffler, Anna Brock, Wink Marshall and Sherman Johnson. It will be noted that all the poems center around the fair sex. The feminine writers succeed in lambasting the boy-friends, while the boy-friends seem to infer that when a woman gets into a taxicab, the taxicab is still empty. We are almost tempted to say that this page contains more truth than poetry.

### Misanthropic Blurb

BY SHERMAN JOHNSON

*Come, sing a roundel—  
Life is like gin:  
All pleasure outwardly,  
Foulness within.*

*Swallowed down quickly  
Lest we may taste it—  
Pour it out carefully,  
So we won't waste it.*

*After the night before,  
Mornings are black—  
But oh, what a terrible  
Kick it does pack.*



### Blank Verse

Why in the Hell  
the short-legged,  
narrow-shouldered bipeds  
called Women . . . .  
should inspire obese,  
semi-intelligent morons  
called Men . . . . to  
imagine that they are  
living in a false state  
called Love! . . . .  
Love, the invention and  
delight of women . . .  
and other fools.

My advice to all men is,  
Become a hermit.  
This would apply to  
women too, except for  
the fact that judging  
by most of my feminine  
associates . . . almost  
any one else's company is  
preferable to their own.



### Women

by CASANOVA JR.

I don't like women, they're lanky  
or fat,  
They bum all my luckies and  
talk through their hat;  
They always call up on the tel-  
ephone, too,  
And ask me for dates—Gosh,  
what shall I do?  
I hate them all, but darn it, you  
see  
It looks like they all are nuts  
over me.  
I don't think I'm lucky, or es-  
pecially blessed,  
But next to themselves they  
all like me best.

### Men

*If man was "made in the image  
of God"  
And "walks where angels  
feared to trod"  
Satan must have molded the  
clay,  
For look what's become of our  
men today.  
Bell-bottomed pants and "slick-  
um" hair,  
Stale "fag" breath, a gin  
glazed glare,  
Dancing fools with time-worn  
lines,  
A passion for Fords with  
crazy signs.  
If this was the best the gods  
could leave  
No wonder they sent the earth  
an Eve.*

—Anna Brock.



### Maybe He Didn't

BY PEGGY LOEFFLER

*Maybe I wanted to believe what you said—  
But maybe I thought you were fooling instead.  
Maybe I said that I'd not believe a word,  
'Cause I thought your line the best I had heard.*

*How could I know that it wasn't a line?  
Or believe that you meant what you said all the time—  
That you wanted your pearl-jewelled frat pin to shine  
On the front of that gay little red dress of mine.*

*And maybe because I thought it the best  
I played up to it—as to all of the rest.  
I thought I was foolish—you went to my head,  
But I wish I had known that you meant what you said.*



"Hello,—Good Bye," said the hem of the dress to the top of the stocking as the lady boarded the street car.

~\*~

Mother: "Why, Grace, how in the world did you get so messed up going riding?"

Grace: "I rode in the rumple seat."

~\*~

#### Advice to Lovelorn

Inquirer: "Dear Meatrice Barebacks, should a girl hold a fellow's hands in a taxi cab?"

Meatrice Barebacks: "Yes, if she can."



Artist: "What time shall I come?"

Hostess: "Oh, come after dinner."

Artist: "That's what I was coming after."

Amen!

'Twas a cold, windy evening. Grey, dim clouds scurried across the dark sky. Two fellows, their coats tightly buttoned, were hurrying down the street. Suddenly one turned to the other and exclaimed, "Heaven help the poor girls who have to walk home on a night like this."

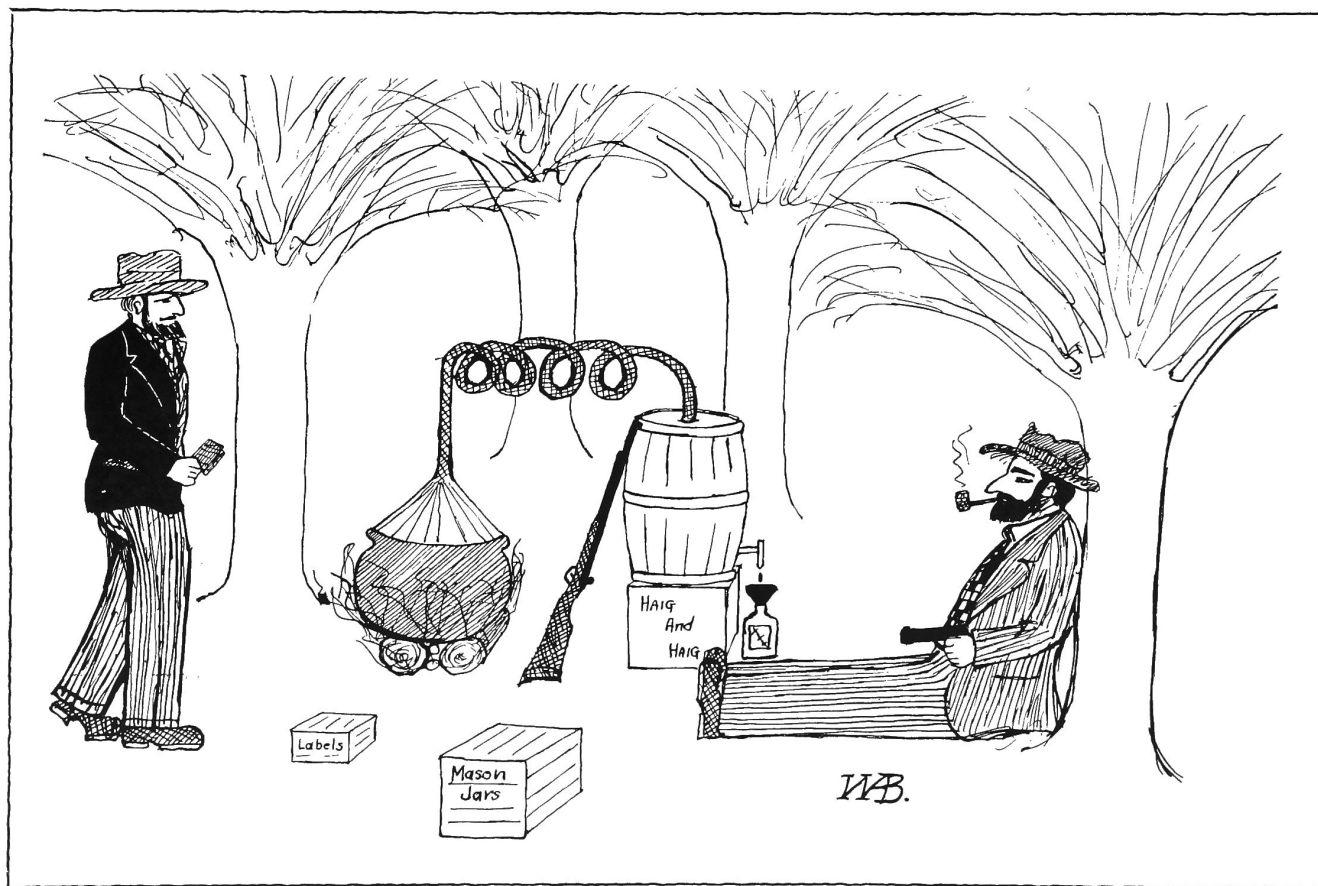
~\*~

#### Financial Advice

First Frat Bro.: "All right, I'll lend you the money if you promise not to worry about paying me back."

Second Rollo Boy: "Why?"

F. F. B.: "Well, there's no use for both of us to worry."



#### Still Life

A heretofore undiscovered work of the late John Singer Sargent, done as a protest to the 18th Amendment.

## A GAME OF BRIDGE

In Which Art, With a Big A, Is Discussed; Showing the Attitude of *Homo Collegiensis*

NORTH: "Two hearts. Well, do you know, this Billy Livingston person is horribly well educated, and he's the most wonderful dancer, but he got it in his head I knew something about art,



and what did he do but talk about pictures all the time. . ."

EAST: "Two hearts is good. Well, I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like."

SOUTH: "Well, here are a couple of tricks in hearts. Guess who I saw the other day."

WEST: "Harold?"

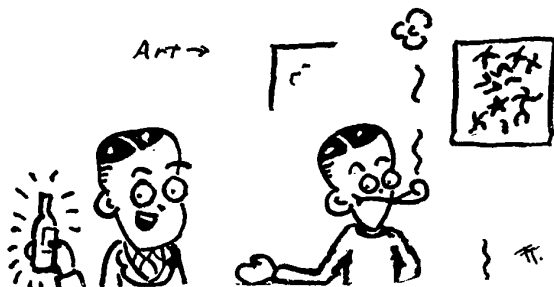
SOUTH: "No."

WEST: "Frank?"

SOUTH: "No."

WEST: "Oh, by the way, did you see the Christmas number of *L'Illustration*? Oh, I'm simply mad about this Russian painter—what's his name?—Bakst.

NORTH: "That's my trick. We'll make two



hearts without any trouble.

SOUTH: "Let me see your hand. Uh-huh. I don't know anything about Bakst. Have you ever seen much of Picasso's work?"

WEST: "Oh, I think he's simply *vile*! He has some of the ugliest nudes. . ."

EAST: "Well, I don't know much about art, but. . . Let's send and get some gin."

WEST: "Old Ginhead! You're simply terrible. You don't care about anything that's noble and elevating."

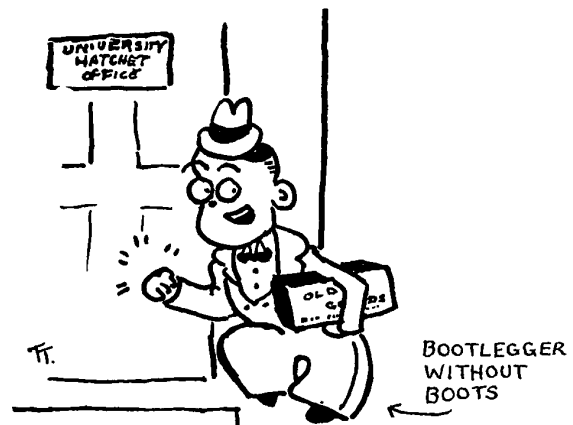
NORTH: "Mary! I trumped that."

WEST: "Oh, I'm so sorry. . . But I think Cezanne isn't bad. He's done a *couple* of good things."

NORTH: "Personally, I like Maxfield Parrish and Arthur William Brown's illustrations in the *Saturday Evening Post*."

WEST: "Oh, I've forgotten how many trumps are out. . . I'll take a chance on this."

SOUTH: "Mary, you ought to read Clive Bell.



Really he's the foremost art critic of the world. You'd understand post-impressionism so much better."

WEST: "Yes?"

NORTH: "Oh, you know I'm doing a couple of things for The GHOST! . . . There. That makes three hearts and four honors divided."

SOUTH: "It's your deal, Wilbur. Just a minute and I'll go call the bootlegger."

NORTH: "And tell him to bring some Old Golds. And some ginger ale. I will not drink gin straight."

EAST: "Well, I don't know much about art, but at least I know what I like. . ."



### HIGH ART

#### Nursery Jingle

A popular miss  
Is Susie DeBeck,  
She's not great for looks—  
But, oh, what neck.

### The New Ford

"Was that a streak of lightning?"  
"No, just a new Ford going by in second gear."

~\*~

"This isn't a modern town."  
"Why not?"  
"It has outskirts."

~\*~

First Government Clerk: "Why do you run accounts with six clothing stores?"

Second Loafer: "It makes the bills so much smaller."

~\*~

Judge (to newly divorced woman): "Do you ever intend to get married again?"

Divorcee: "Well, I always have."

~\*~

### Professional Advice

Young matron: "Oh, doctor, I'm going to have a baby. What shall I do?"

Doctor: "Just grin and bear it, my dear."

~\*~

"What have you in that locket?"  
"A lock of my wife's hair."  
"But your wife is still alive."  
"Of course, but her hair is dyed."

~\*~



### SCIENTIFIC NOTE:

Picture of a horticulturist bent on his work

## Classroom Scene

Prof: "Gentlemen, you have heard my explanation. The question is do you or do you not agree with it?"

Student: "Yes."

Prof: "Yes, what?"

Student: "Oh, yes, sir."

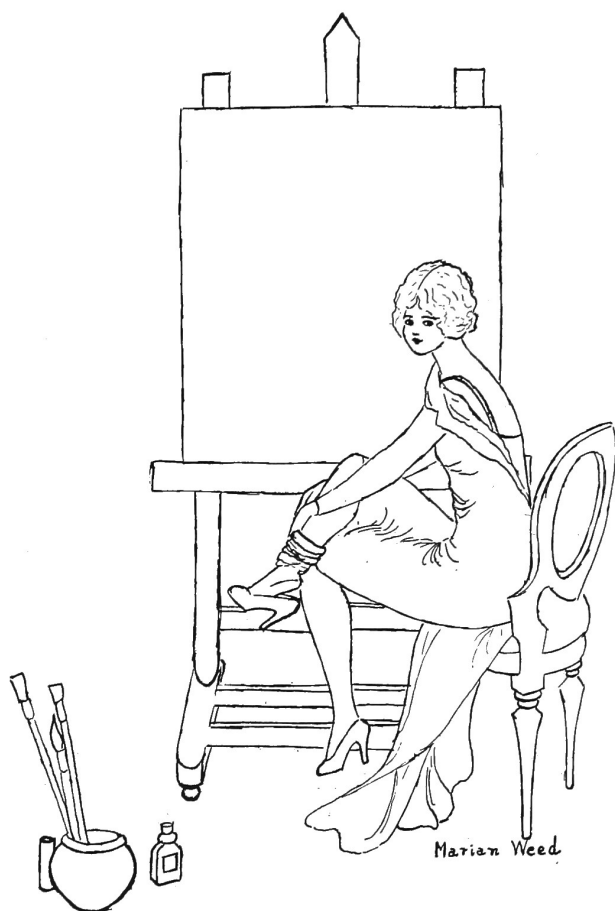


"Why do they call that hundred and sixty pound girl 'Baby'?"

"Oh, that's because she likes her bottle."

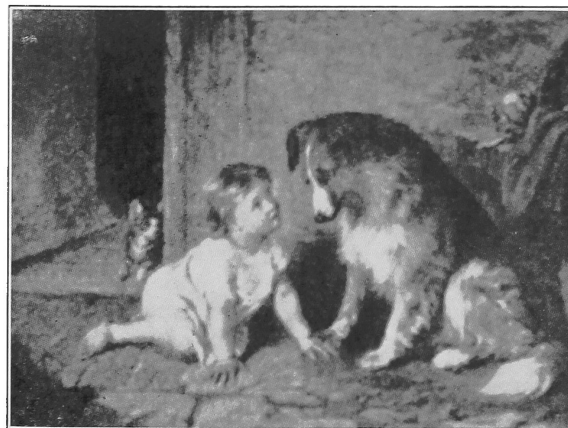


It has been bruited about the campus that the reason Eugene O'Neil named his new marathon play "The Strange Interlude" was because of the intermission for supper.



An artist's model getting into her working clothes

## Art Explained



IN THIS PICTURE the little girl is talking to the dog, while in the background one is able to see the eavesdropping cat. The title of this is "Speak Up, Rover, And Tell Me All Your Troubles." It's not a bad picture, that is, if you care for dumb animals.

Which reminds us of a little story. One morning a young man was going to work on the street car, and when he got off the street car he was accosted by a man who was twenty-seven years of age.

"Say, buddy, have you got a nickel for a cup of coffee?" said the latter.

"No, but here's a quarter," retorted Santa Claus.

That was years and years ago. Time passed, and with it came prosperity and peace. Both of the men naturally grew older. This has nothing to do with the story.

But here's the point we want to stress. If the man had kept his quarter he would have been much better off, for they soon count up. For instance, if he could have saved 4,000 quarters he would have been \$1,000 to the good.

We sure do have a good monetary system here in the U. S.



## Pick A Good One

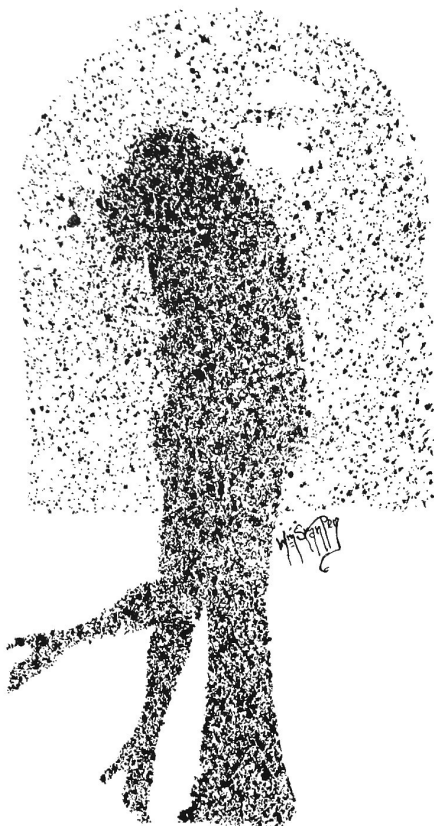
He: "So our engagement is at an end?"

She: "Yes, it is."

He: "Well, may I have my fraternity pin back?"

She: "I suppose so, if you want it. Wait a minute and I'll let you pick it out."





"Happy, sweetness?"

"Yes, so happy that I can't believe I'm married."

~\*~

He: "Oh, I just made a bally awful miscue. I told a man that in my opinion the host was a stingy old blighter, and it happened to be the host I was speaking to."

She: "Oh, you mean my husband."

~\*~

"Where's your sister?"

"Oh, she's in bed."

"How do you know?"

"This is her dress I have on."

~\*~

#### Another Godiva

She: "Would you mind telling me how you dressed for the Bal Boheme?"

He: "Not at all; not at all."

#### Explanation

"They call me the queen of the school."

"Oh, that's because so many of those bridge hounds have held you."

~\*~

"He must be quite a business man. He says he's in close touch with the heads of many organizations."

"Yea, he's a barber."

~\*~

#### Father Knows Best

Daughter: "Dad, what on earth shall I wear to the Art Ball next week?"

Father: "Have you thought of clothes?"

#### This Ought To Be Good

"What's all the noise about?"

"Oh, that barber is shaving himself and is trying to persuade himself to have a massage."

~\*~

#### Home, Sweet Home

"Does your wife pick out your clothes?"

"No, she only picks the pock-ets."

~\*~

#### And That's That

He: "Were you ever vaccinated?"

Her: "Why, yes."

He: "I don't see the scar."

Her: "You're not going to, either."



ROWLAND LYON

Girl: "Let's drive in the park."

Boy: "Naw, let's park in the drive."



# THE THEATRE

By JOHN MILLIGAN



NEW YORK — To lunch at George Jean Nathan's place, the Royalton, being much amused at the great critic's choice of comestibles. Then to the Times Square Theatre, where Mr. William Fox is achieving the impossible proposition of making an art moom pitcher a financial success.

The boys with horn rimmed glasses have been writing home about "Sunrise". "A significant step forward," say those who control the critical canons of the cinema, "and a prophecy of the future of American films." But—

Little Bright Eyes, the carping commentator, has to discover a flaw somewhere, of course. "Sunrise", may I remind you, was directed by such a rabid Yankee as Fred W. Murnau, written by such an Anglo-Saxon as Herman Sudermann, and adapted by that native American, Carl Mayer, Then—

Aha, squeals someone, the stars of the production are Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien, who are authentically American. Riposte: Acting, no matter how splendid, has nothing whatever to do with the fundamental problems of bringing beauty and artistry to the screen. The secret is that Carl Mayer thinks and writes in terms of the motion picture (and not in terms of the stage and literature) and that Fred W. Murnau directs in similar fashion, with a practiced eye for the rhythmical, dynamic

## *Cholleh Chepling*



First photo of the gifted comedian ever to be published in the GHOST

and compositional possibilities of the movie medium.

The cinema speaks pictorially, having all the attributes of painting and sculpture with the added attractions of dramatic form and movement. "Sunrise" realizes these qualities superbly, suggesting a Corot in its sluggish moments of picturing the soul of a man and woman, and a Cezanne in its strong moments.

I respectfully direct your attention to its use of volatile backgrounds, detailed or in-

choate pictorial moods, effective and prophetic introduction of the three principal characters, and its general air of being intended as a fine piece of cinematic entertainment, and not as a box-office super-production. If anyone cares, I shall place "Sunrise" just behind "The Last Laugh" and somewhat in front of "Chained" and "A Woman of Paris." It is worth a thousand "King of Kings" and "Old Ironsides."

Well, it is now 6 p. m. and I have a date with Len Hall, sometime dramatic editor of the "Washington Daily Whoosiz", or is it the "Dingbat?" and now the top critic of the New York Telegram.

ON BOARD S. S. Providence, Bound for Cape Cod—The date with Len was most bright and cheery. We met in the w.k. Algonquin Hostel, but dashed elsewhere for dinner, taking much mutton and sauces.

The two of us wandered about Broadway—all the scandal having been retailed he left to keep a tryst with a little local lady, and I took in the Theatre Guild's production of "Porgy". The latter is somberly magnificent.

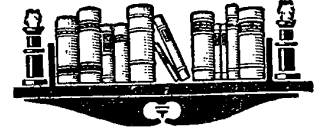
A snack at a Seventh Avenue tavern, and then to the midnight premiere of "The Circus", where there were many celebrities, who came not to see the little fellow with the funny feet, but to be seen themselves.

(Continued on page 24)



## AS TO BOOKS

By Elbert L. Huber



### PARACHUTE

One of the most outstanding novels of the new year is *Parachute*, by Ramon Guthrie, hitherto practically unknown. Dealing with two aviators in the post-war period—one, an Italian once removed, and the other from an old Baltimore family, the story opens on their arrival at a convalescence hospital for aviation officers in a smug New York hamlet.

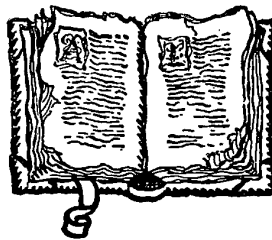
Tony Rickey, the Wop, who is crude, rough and out of place at the bridge teas and Country Club dances, and Harvey Sayles, who was diagnosed as insane because of his strange escapades in France, strike up a lasting friendship.

There are women in the story, but only as background; we are interested in the unusual discussions and meditations of the supposedly insane Lieut. Sayles and the reactions of the primitive Tony to his "high-toned" surroundings.

The dialog is witty, and the book is earthy in spots. The author uses Harvey as his medium and we find some thoroughly human philosophy on war and life in general. Who would

not "like a good war between the people who feel that it is bad luck to light three cigarettes on one match strongly enough to fight about it, and the people who feel that that particular superstition is ungrounded and nefarious?"—nor is the book without its nifties—"Betty—she reminds me of a can of condensed milk in a college boarding house". . . .

The characters are excellent but not everyday; but then, neither is *Parachute*.



### THE UGLY DUCHESS

Lion Feuchtwanger is receiving the plaudits of all Europe for his second great novel, *The Ugly Duchess*, translated by Willa and Edwin Muir.

Margarete, the Maultasche, leading figure in this tale of Medieval Europe was undeniably ugly; so ugly indeed as to be almost fascinating in a grotesque sort of way.

The tale is a long, rather tedious account of the political history of Austria before the Hundred Years War and is characterized by every known vice then extant. There is only one sympathetic character in the whole book, Margarete's friend and advisor, and even he is given to greed and chicanery. The impression to be gained from the reading of *The Ugly Duchess* is a sort of violent madhouse—or hotbed (we think is the word) of political maneuvers, murder, pestilence, and perversion.

The Duchess, contradictory though she is, at times raving madly, and again, calm and serene, is not out of keeping with the tone of the entire volume. Albeit we might have wished a more consistent handling of the character, we feel that the author had no other choice if he held to the general atmosphere.

The extravagant descriptions of horror, ugliness, and vice may be considered powerful writing by some, but with Herr Feuchtwanger the tendency to indulge in that sort of thing nearly approaches a mania. Surely, there was some saving grace to the Middle Ages.

## SOME NEW BOOKS

LUCIA IN LONDON (Doubleday, Doran & Co.) By E. F. Benson. Very light—but fairly amusing.

DISRAELI (D. Appleton & Co.) By Andre Maurois. The author of *Ariel* describes the Victorian Age.

RED RUST (Little, Brown & Co.) Cornelia James Cannon. Another one of those epics of the soil.

THE TOP DRAWER, BY ONE WHO WAS BORN IN IT (Doubleday, Doran & Co.) Interesting gossip about the English no-

bility.

THE GREAT AMERICAN BAND WAGON (Harper Bros.) Charles Merz. A panorama of American foibles written with rare humour and not a little understanding.

(Continued on page 24)



## TIMELY TUNES

By Sherman Elbridge Johnson



**T**HE WHIP still cracks. It is not the amusement so popular at Glen Echo. It is the hit from Golden Dawn, that strange musical comedy which deals with Africa, and which is recorded by Nat Shilkret and His Orchestra for Victor. It is a marvelous feeling Friend Shilkret gives you in this recording, redolent of Trader Horn, Vachel Lindsay's Congo, Livingston and Stanley, and all the rest. And lots of two-piano stuff and a good chorus.

Al Jolson, too, has crashed through with another vocal record. Four Walls (Brunswick) gives you that sensation of essential blueness which is present in all good jazz—it may be compared with Washboard Blues (Victor), Whiteman's record of a month or so ago, for the omission of which one of our best friends called us down the other day.

The feeling of genuineness which a song, or a record, imparts to the hearer is the basis of success in blues. You are absolutely certain when you hear Jolson, for example, that at the moment he has put himself heart and soul in his theme. There is your criterion for the success of dramatic art.



This is Ted Lewis and his bunch of musicians, versatile exponents of Jazz. The word "Strand" means nothing to us, but Sherman claims it's probably because the boys were stranded when the picture was taken.

Old Ted Lewis, who dearly loves to pull the Pagliacci stuff, is another example. Lewis and Jolson get by primarily on their personality. Ted Lewis, besides this, however, is one of the few good leaders of old-fashioned jazz bands who remain. Whiteman and Red Nichols are the only other two we can think of who also have good musicians. Possibly Blue Steele, but we

want to hear more from him.

At any rate, the Lewis record is entitled *Is Everybody Happy Now* (Columbia), and you must hear it.

Victor has crashed through with an unusual record by a colored band from Chicago, which plays *By The Waters of Minnetonka* and *Rosita*. This shows possibilities which were never dreamed of when the respective numbers were written. And there is a perfectly marvelous

violin included, with banjo work well above the average.

We were speaking of Golden Dawn a while ago. The number Dawn from this musical comedy is rather more than adequately done by Leo Reisman and His Orchestra (Columbia), and it is paired with *We Two*.

The *Man I Love* is a Gershwin song, which, so we are informed, is a revival; but nevertheless it caught us just right. Best recording is by Ben Bernie and His Orchestra (Brunswick), on which record it is paired with *Dream Kisses*, of which we have spoken before.

The musical comedies are prolific sources for good phonograph records, and we recommend the following: *Maybe I'll Baby You* (from *Take the Air*)

(Continued on page 24)

### BEST

The Whip (Victor)  
 Four Walls (Jolson's song) (Brunswick)  
 Is Everybody Happy Now (Columbia)  
 By The Waters of Minnetonka (Victor)  
 Dawn (Columbia)  
 The Man I Love (Brunswick)



## THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 21)

"The Circus" has several genuinely hilarious sequences; I cannot recall a funnier or more intelligent comedy this year, but this production must, of course, be compared to the other Chaplin's.

Charlie's type of tomfoolery has been of the unconscious variety, but he is a little too conscious of his status as a clown and genius in this his latest epic. This would be O. K. from anyone but Charlie, but where is the ridiculous little farceur of the old Mutual comedies?

The earliest appearances of Chaplin, in the Kassell & Bauman days, are interesting as historical relics, and the Essanay series, such as "The Champion" and "His Prehistoric Romance" showed promise, but it was in the 12 Mutuals that Charlie did his stuff as an unassuming movie creator who didn't know he was a genius. France brought that distinction to his notice.

Well, I saw "The Circus" anyhow, and here I am on a Fall River liner, bound for the tiny Cape Cod village of Woods Hole.

WOODS HOLE, Mass. — It's cold here, and there are no movies. Wish you could be with me—plenty of wind and sleep and hunting and horseback riding and cigarettes and church socials and a big piece about me in the local weekly.

Try being a pedantic Puritan yourself sometime. It's pleasant, and there are several charming young ladies. . . .



## AS TO BOOKS

(Continued from page 22)

NOVEMBER NIGHT. By author of Miss Tiverton Goes Out (Bobbs Merrill Co.) The story of an accouchement.

ON A PARIS ROUNDABOUT (Dodd, Mead & Co.) By Jan Gordon. Recommended to those who want to find real atmosphere on their summer tour.

THE RAMPANT AGE (Double-day, Doran & Co.) Robert S. Carr. Highschool stuff. Don't waste your time.

CUPS, WANDS AND SWORDS (Knopf) By Helen Simpson.



## TIMELY TUNES

(Continued from page 23)

by Max Fisher and His California Orchestra (Columbia); 'S Wonderful (from Funny Face) by the Ipana Troubadours (Columbia); Here Comes the Show Boat (Show Boat) by Jean Goldkette & Co. (Victor); My Heart Stood Still, by Harry Archer and His Orchestra (Brunswick); Why Do I Love You (Show Boat) by Nat Shilkret (Victor).

Note a record by Eddy Thomas, a tenor, of Did You Mean It (Brunswick). We'll leave it to you if he is not a second Gene Austin, and a good one too.

Lay off the current records by Belle Baker and Fannie Brice. Jesse Crawford, the organist, is most remarkable in his rendition of Dancing Tambourine and Mary. Of the Victor records, this is third best.

We've not had room to pan any numbers, not because we don't believe in destructive criticism, but because Joe Walstrom announced that he had so many of his rotten jokes and drawings that The GHOST would be full. Wherefore, ave atque vale.

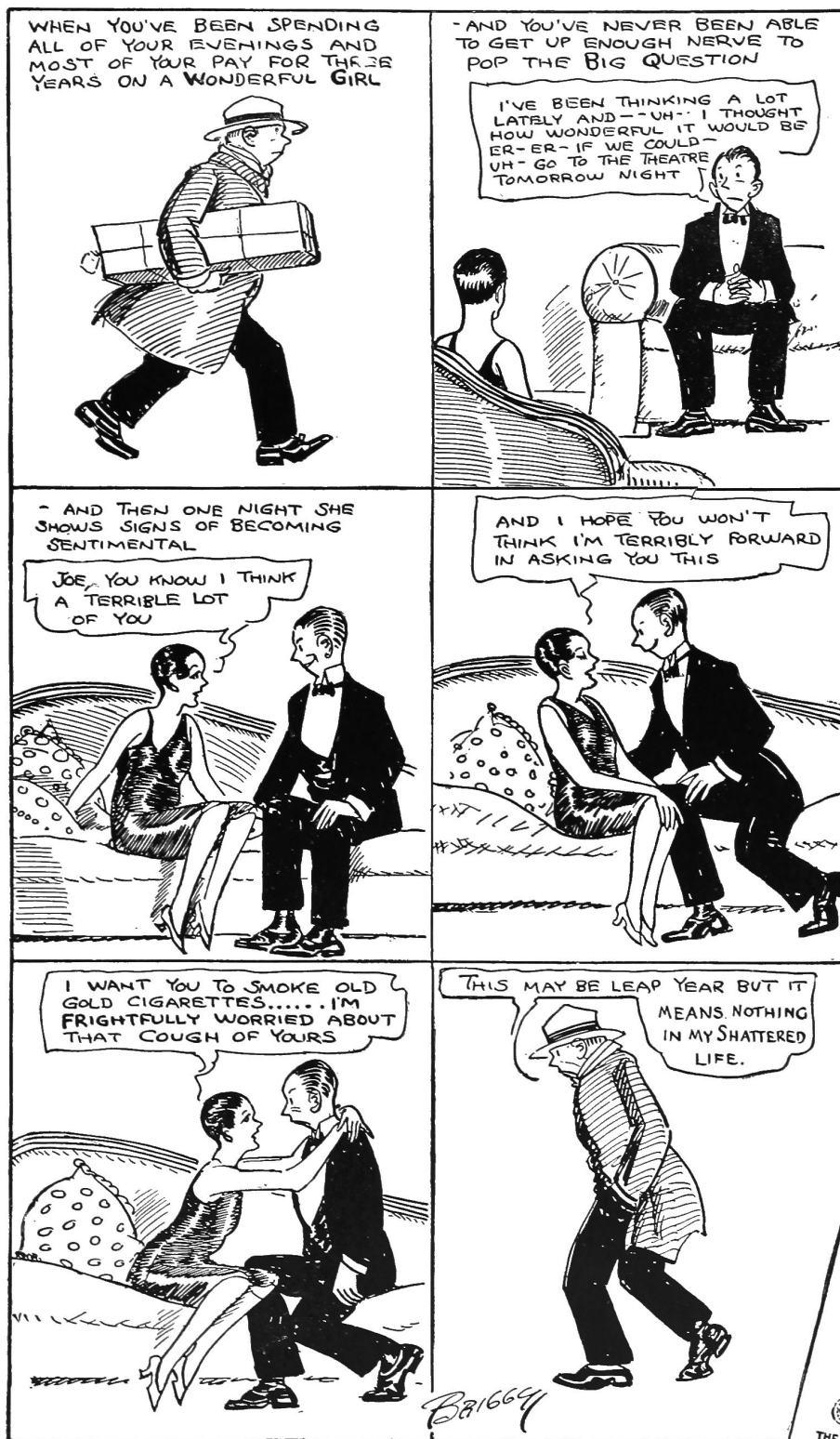


## Artists..

LET'S  
GET HOT  
ON THE  
NEXT ISSUE,  
THE TRAVEL  
NUMBER.  
PLEASE HAVE  
ALL DRAWINGS  
IN BY THE  
10TH OF MARCH.



*So, This is Leap Year* : : : : : By ERIGGS



© 1928, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload



15¢

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exclusive apparel from Jelleff's which, in spite of its individuality  
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### You Can't Blame The Bride

The bride was very much disconcerted at seeing twin beds in their bridal suite.

"What's the matter, dearest?" asked the attentive bridegroom.

"Why, I certainly thought that we were going to get a room all to ourselves."

—Penn Punch Bowl.



"Do you really like conceited men better than the other kind?"

"What other kind?"

—Stevens Stone Mill.

### Name The Woman

"She wears too thin skirts."

"No, only one usually."

—W. & L. Mink.

### Bolsheviki Conversation

"Should unmarried people have children?"

"Sure."

"Who's going to support them?"

"The State."

"Oh, I see, sort of an amusement tax."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

# What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



King Lear  
Act IV, Scene 6

**“Nature’s above art  
in that respect” ~**

At the time in question King Lear was tricked up like a walking florist’s shop—but he was still wise in his sayings. Liking to refresh himself, even as you and I, what a full-meaning headline he turned out for the following Coca-Cola ad:

*A pure drink of natural flavors  
—produced before the day of  
synthetic and artificial drinks,  
and still made from the same  
pure products of nature.*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

*8 million  
a day*

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

2-CM



The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,



The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,

**you'd really be surprised**

at the large number of  
g. w. students who are  
regular patrons of the

**little theatre**

on 9th street between f and g



**ommy  
ompkins  
roubadors**

[Adams 128]

# CLOTHES

Ready-made  
And Cut to Order

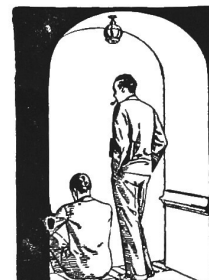
ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY  
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL  
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED  
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## Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats

Bearly  
Camels Hair  
Coat  
\$165



Bearly  
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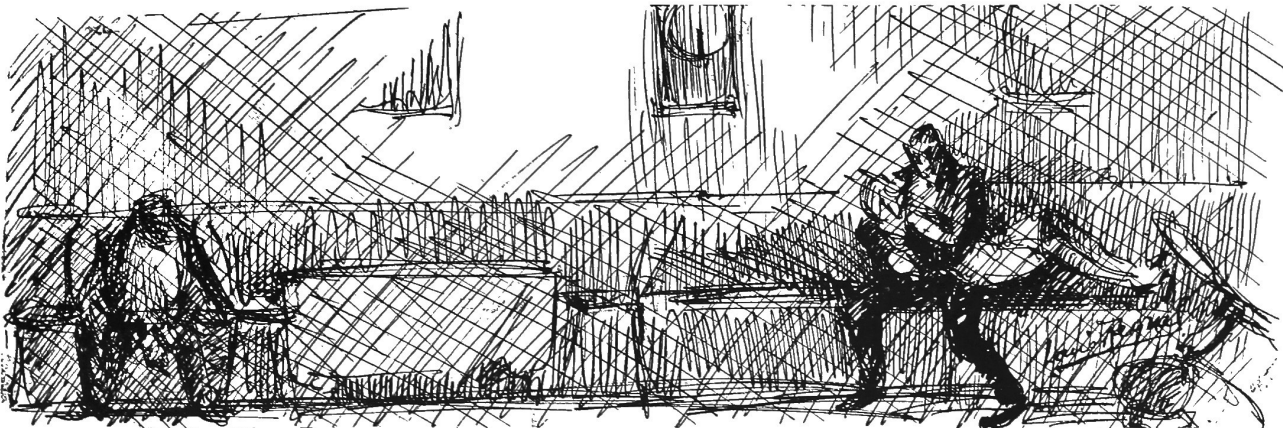


A. R. LOFSTRAND

Franklin 10466



The plowman homeward plods his weary way,



And leaves the world to darkness and to me.  
—Harvard Lampoon.





Special Sunday Dinner \$1.00

Special Thursday Dinner 75c



## The McReynolds Coffee Shoppe

Eighteenth Street above G



Breakfast — Luncheon — Dinner

Cafeteria and Service



**Phi:** "What's your best course?"

**Beta:** "Straight past the dean's office  
—what's yours?"

**Phi:** "A course in etiquette! Life  
Savers are 'always good taste'."

### No Comeback

In anger, a diner called a waiter and said, "Can you explain to me, sir, why I found a hair in my honey, a hair in my ice cream and a hair in my apple sauce?"

"I know that the hair in the honey came from the comb," replied the waiter, "and that the hair in the ice cream came from shaving the ice, but what gets me is the hair in the apple sauce. I picked those apples myself and they were all Baldwins."

—*Cornell College Ollapod.*



### He Shouldn't

Sprocket would like to know if the photographer for the art magazines gets a salary, too.

—*Stanford Chaparral.*



### Agrarian Humor

Tol: "Could you tell me where Moscow is?"

Stoy: "In the pasture with Pa's bull."

—*Carolina Buccaneer.*



### We Want To See This Girl

Flapper: "Yes, these are all nice skirts, but far too long. You don't seem to have the right size in this store."

Saleslady: "Have you tried the collar department, ma'am?"

—*Cynic.*



### Petty Larceny

*Enraged husband:* "You've stolen my wife, you horse thief, you."

—*Georgia Cracker.*

### Biological Freak

Mary had a little lamb. The lamb and Mary are doing as well as expected.

—Virginia Reel.



### French In Ten Lessons

"They laughed when I started to speak to the waiter in French."

"How come?"

"The waiter was Chinese."

—Randolph-Macon Old Maid.



### Oh Gosh!

Coarse Brute: "I'm a rip-roarin, rarin', ragin', regular man-eatin' Bengal tiger! Where can I howl?"

Timid Fellow: "Oh, really? Well, I'm an accident; where can I happen?"

—Chicago Phoenix.



### Pore Old Gramma!

Grandmother: "Johnny, I wouldn't slide down those bannisters."

Johnny: "Wouldn't, hell; you couldn't."

—Southern Calif. Wampus.

## COMPLETE

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The READ-  
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• SERVICE •

A GALAXY  
OF STARS  
"YOUNG MAN  
LOOKING FOR  
TROUBLE"  
By KATHARINE BRUSH  
"YALE"  
by DONALD OGDEN  
STEWART  
"SMALL  
POTATOES"  
by MARGARET BANNING  
"FAIR ONE"  
by MAY EDGINTON  
"WHY I WON'T  
SEND MY BOY  
TO HARVARD"  
by HEYWOOD BROWN  
AND  
Peter B. Kyne - Percy Marks  
Jim Tully - Richard Connell  
ALL IN the APRIL NUMBER  
OF  
College Humor



*Four out of five have*



*it and the fifth*



*knows where to get it.*



*A Braeburn of course*



**Spring Braeburns Now**

**\$35      \$40      \$45**

**SEE THEM ON DISPLAY  
ANY DAY HERE IN**

*The Frat House*

**The Hecht Co.**

**F Street**



### Wise People Always Do

Evangeline: "Didja hear about the girl that went out riding and only got one shoe muddy?"

Dido: "Naw, let's hear it."

Evangeline: "Well, she reconsidered."

—*Texas Ranger.*



### In The Gutter

Boswell: "Dr. Johnson, what would you do if you were locked in a tower with a baby?"

Dr. Johnson: "It would depend upon who the baby was."

—*Brown Jug.*



### Hmmm!

St. Ursula takes 10,000 virgins for a boat ride, but alas, not a single virgin returned.

—*Columbia Jester.*

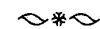


### A Full Meal

First Cannibal: "Have you seen my dentist lately?"

Second Cannibal: "Yes, he filled my teeth at dinner time."

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*



### A Parlor Story

O my dear please don't try that any more!!

O my dear please don't try that any!

O my dear please don't try that!

O my dear please don't try!

O my dear please don't!

O my dear please!

O my dear!

O my!

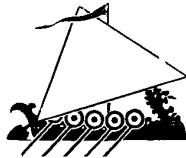
O!

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

Can you keep a secret? Here's something we are going to tell you if you promise not to tell a soul. . . .



The GHOST'S



# Travel Number

*will go on sale April 2nd*



Keep it to yourself, because if everybody knows about it they'll all want to buy a copy, and maybe we won't have enough to go around.

[ Won't that be tough! ]



H A V E A

C A M E L



*One of life's great pleasures  
is smoking*

Camels give you all of the enjoyment  
of choice tobaccos. Is enjoyment  
good for you? You just bet it is.